

MISSIONARY HEROES COURSE

LIFE STORIES OF GREAT MISSIONARIES FOR
TEEN AGE BOYS

ARRANGED IN PROGRAMS

HENRY MARTYN

Persia's Man of God

SOURCE BOOK

"HENRY MARTYN, CONFESSOR OF THE FAITH"

By **CONSTANCE E. PADWICK**

Program Prepared by

FLOYD L. CARR

BAPTIST BOARD OF EDUCATION
DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONARY EDUCATION
276 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Course No. 1

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OUTLINE

	PAGE
INTRODUCTORY STATEMENT	2
PROGRAM FOR MEETING	3
LIFE SKETCH	4
LIFE INCIDENTS	7

Program based on HENRY MARTYN, CONFESSOR OF THE FAITH
by CONSTANCE E. PADWICK
Doran \$1.50

FOREWORD

THE *Missionary Heroes Course* for Boys meets a real need. It is a series of missionary programs for boys, based on great biographies which every boy should know. Course Number One, now available, provides programs for the ensuing twelve months and may be used in the monthly meetings of boys' groups. Other courses are in preparation and will be issued for subsequent years.

It is suggested that the leader purchase three copies of each leaflet; one to be kept for reference and the other two to be cut up to provide each boy with his assigned part. In order to tie together the life incidents as they are presented by the boys, the leader should master the facts outlined in the biographical sketch and read carefully the volume upon which the program is based. These volumes are missionary classics and may be made the basis of a worth-while library of Christian adventure.

Boys are keenly interested in stories of adventure and achievement and it is hoped that participation in the programs will lead many of the lads to read these great missionary biographies. Attention is called to the eleven other life-story programs in the series now available for Course Number One, and to the series now in preparation for the ensuing year, both of which are listed on the last page. The books upon which these programs are based can be ordered from the nearest literature headquarters. Portraits of these missionary heroes will also be made available for purchase.

While these programs have been developed to meet the needs of boys' organizations of all types—*i.e.*, Organized Classes, Boy Scouts, Knights of King Arthur, Kappa Sigma Pi, etc.—they were especially prepared for the chapters of the *Royal Ambassadors*, a missionary organization for teen age boys, originating in the southland and recently adapted to the needs of the Northern Baptist Convention by the Department of Missionary Education. We commend these materials to all lovers of boys.

WILLIAM A. HILL.

PROGRAM FOR MEETING

1. Scripture Lesson: Isaiah 55: 1-13, beginning: "So shall my word be, it shall not return unto me void." Henry Martyn wrote in his Journal January 1, 1812, "If I live to complete the Persian New Testament, my life after that will be of less importance. But whether life or death be mine, may Christ be glorified in me." (See page 260 of "Henry Martyn, Confessor of the Faith," by Constance E. Padwick.)
2. Prayer.
3. Hymn: "O Love That Will Not Let Me Go." (Henry Martyn's experience parallels that of its author, George Matheson.)
4. Introductory Sketch of Life Story* (based on pages 1-47 of "Henry Martyn, Confessor of the Faith," by Constance E. Padwick).
5. His Student Record at Cambridge (pages 48, 54-55, 69-70).
6. His Religious Experience (pages 56-57, 58-60).
7. Decides upon Service in India (pages 84, 89-90, 104-105).
8. Perfecting His Hindoostanee on Ship Board (pages 141-142).
9. Welcomed at Calcutta (pages 160-161, 163-164).
10. A Cold Reception at Dinapore (pages 179-181).
11. Translating the New Testament into Hindoostanee (pages 198, 201-202, 202-203).
12. Stricken with Tuberculosis at Cawnpore (pages 216, 224-225, 228-229).
13. From Cawnpore to Shiraz (pages 235-236, 252-253, 254, 258).
14. Completion of the New Testament in Persian (pages 273-274, 276-277, 285-286).
15. At "Journey's End" (pages 288-289, 296-297).

* The leader should read both the brief sketch in this leaflet and Padwick's "Henry Martyn, Confessor of the Faith," in order, as the program progresses, to fill the gaps between the assignments.

SKETCH OF HENRY MARTYN, PERSIA'S MAN OF GOD

HENRY MARTYN was born in Truro, Cornwall, February 18, 1781, the son of a merchant's clerk. At the age of sixteen (October 1797) he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, and graduated four years later with the highest honor—that of Senior Wrangler.

During his college course, he passed through a deep spiritual experience. The death of his father, the faithful intercession of his sister, and the earnest preaching of Rev. Charles Simeon of Trinity Church, Cambridge, combined in January 1800 to bring about his conversion and Christian decision.

The fall of 1802 was also a momentous period in the life of Henry Martyn, for he then decided not only to enter the Christian ministry, but also, inspired by Jonathan Edwards' "Life of David Brainerd," to devote his life to missionary work in India. He was ordained in October 1803, in Ely Cathedral, and became the Curate of his friend Charles Simeon at Holy Trinity Church, Cambridge. It was through Mr. Simeon that he came to know William Wilberforce and Charles Grant, both members of Parliament and both outstanding leaders in moral and spiritual movements. Through the influence of Charles Grant he secured a Chaplaincy appointment from the East India Company.

Turning his back on brilliant prospects at home, and perfectly aware that his delicate physique promised him no long life in service abroad, he sailed on August 28, 1805, from Falmouth, Cornwall, for India, saying, "I see no business in life but the work of Christ."

After nine weary months in a devious voyage touching at both Brazil and Cape Horn, he arrived at Calcutta, May 16, 1806. Here he found warm friends and kindred spirits in Rev. David Brown, the first Chaplain of the East India Company, and in the famous missionary trio near by at Serampore—Carey, Marshman and Ward. William Carey writes of him: "A young clergyman, Mr. Martyn, is arrived, who is possessed of a truly missionary spirit." A little later, writing on the

question of sending a Baptist missionary to Patna (Dinapore), he said: "Wherever Mr. Martyn is placed, he will save us the expense of a missionary."

His duties as Chaplain took him first to Dinapore and then to Cawnpore but his great heart yearned for the non-Christian world about him and his spiritual horizon is indicated in his challenge to his fellow workers in Calcutta: "Nay, Asia must be our care." He gave himself unceasingly to the study of Hindoostanee, Sanskrit, Persian and Arabic and set himself to the task of translating the New Testament into both Hindoostanee and Persian. In March 1808, he completed his Hindoostanee translation and by August, 1810, with the help of an opinionated Arab named Sabat, he had completed his first draft of the New Testament in Persian. This proved, however, to be more Arabic than idiomatic Persian and he was faced with the task of thoroughly revising his translation.

Just at this time his frail health suffered a complete breakdown. His first thought was to return to England, to both regain health and win as his bride, Lydia Grenfell of Cornwall, but the duty of revising his Persian New Testament led him to seek the necessary change in Persia. On January 7, 1811, he started via Calcutta for Shiraz, Persia, where he spent a year in as exhausting work as ever, giving his time partly to the work of translating and partly to earnest discussion with prominent Muslims. An entry in his Journal of January 1, 1812, made in the midst of his labors, will illustrate his devoted spirit: "If I live to complete the Persian New Testament, my life after that will be of less importance. But whether life or death be mine, may Christ be glorified in me." On February 24, 1812, Henry Martyn completed his major life work—the Persian New Testament.

But the sands of time, for him, were running fast. He started immediately on the two months' journey to Tabriz, to present a copy of his translation to the Shah of Persia, but was weakened by frequent attacks of fever and chills. He was too ill to see the Shah but Sir Gore Ouseley, the British Ambassador, promised to present the New Testament to the Shah and to see it through the press.

On September 2, 1812, he started on a fifteen hundred mile journey over the "Royal Road" to Constantinople, hoping to reach England and regain his health. Jesse Page in his book, "Henry Martyn, His Life and Labors," writes: "Fever began again to waste the strength of the emaciated traveler; sleepless and shaking with ague, he found progress all but impossible. Hassan, his Tartar guide, in his brute cowardice, now began

to dominate his master. Another day of awful weakness, mercilessly hurried on by this man, brought him to Tokat, Asiatic Turkey, where on October 16, 1812, he breathed his last. How or from what cause he died will be forever unknown."

Thus, after but six and one half years of glorious service in India and Persia, he indeed, as he had vowed, "burned out for God." On the monument erected at Tokat by the East India Company are the words: "He will long be remembered in the countries where he was known as a man of God."

INCIDENTS FROM THE LIFE OF HENRY MARTYN

*Reprinted from "Henry Martyn, Confessor of the Faith"
by Constance E. Padwick*

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His Student Record at Cambridge. (P. 48, 54-55, 69-70.)

Henry Martyn left the Grammar School in the summer of 1797, and after a September spent in "his favourite employment of shooting, and . . . reading for the most part travels and *Lord Chesterfield's Letters*," he went up to St. John's College, Cambridge, following in the steps of his beloved Kempthorne. . . .

The beloved Kempthorne had spoken; and work Martyn did, with a greedy ambition only stimulated by his quick success in the college examinations, then conducted twice a year by the Fellows in the hall on the lecture subjects for the term. Martyn was never for half-measures. The boy who knew no mathematics when he came up was soon "nettled to the quick" when he took second instead of first place in his college examinations. He now set his heart on following Kempthorne's footsteps as the Senior Wrangler of his year, no small ambition in a student whose natural bent was for literature and above all for language.

The good Kempthorne dreaded so engrossing a concern with examination results and tried "to persuade me that I ought to attend to reading, not for the praise of men, but for the glory of God. This seemed strange to me, but reasonable." Reasonable, no doubt, but also quite uninteresting to the Martyn of those days.

His love for his father fostered his ambition. The gentle and sympathetic old man, himself a self-trained mathematician, who all along had set before Henry a career of scholarship, was now waiting as eagerly as the boy himself for tidings of each examination. When at Christmas 1799 Henry was first in the college examination it "pleased my father prodigiously."

The examination for degrees took place in January 1801. Henry knew that, having no advantage of family wealth, his social prospects, and in part those of his sisters also, depended upon the honours that he took. It was true that he was now easily first in his college examinations; but the year was said to be an unusually brilliant one in the University. Among leading names from other colleges were those of Charles and Robert Grant of Trinity, the two sons of Charles Grant of Calcutta, who had learnt their first Latin from Reverend David Brown.

The examination of those days began before breakfast on a January morning, a moment at which spirits are apt to be at a low ebb. As Martyn passed under the fluted columns of the Senate House portico, there flashed into his agitated mind the text of a sermon heard not long ago—"Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not, saith the Lord." Steadied, as an over-excited child by his father's voice, he went in and wrote with a mind "composed and tranquillized," and retained his calm through the three long mornings of the *viva voce*, when the honours men sat round a table in the ice-cold Senate House with an examiner at their head, who propounded a problem which all worked at topmost speed. When the first man had handed in his solution another problem was read out, with the result that the slower men missed many of the questions. At night in the rooms of one of the moderators more difficult work was set, in which the race for speed was not so great, and men had a choice of problems offered them.

The results were published on the fourth day; and, at not quite twenty years of age, Henry Martyn found that his darling ambition had been realized, and he was Senior Wrangler. His first sensation was keen disappointment. His father was not there to glory in the news. "I obtained my highest wishes," he says, "but was surprised to find that I had grasped a shadow." But that as it may be he did later find much seductive pleasure in the sense of distinction, and in the subtle tone of regard that crept into the voices of University officials when they talked to one at once so young and so distinguished.

His Religious Experience. (P. 56-57, 58-60.)

"What then was my consternation, when in January I received from my (half) brother an account of my father's death."

The affectionate boy, too young to remember his mother's death, found his first great sorrow staring at him, and he quite alone, in what seemed only a greater isolation because, with

the chimes of Trinity and St. Clement's, there floated in the sound of eager talk on the staircase, and shouting and sudden spurts of laughter from the court below.

Alone, Martyn found himself shivering before realities he would gladly have forgotten.

"I began to consider seriously that invisible world to which he had gone and to which I must one day go. As I had no taste at this time for my usual studies, I took up my Bible (how often had the pious little Sally in Cornwall prayed for that moment!) thinking that the consideration of religion was rather suitable to this solemn time."

But tormented as he was by memories of his own "consummate selfishness" at home, as set against his father's un-failing "patience and mildness," Martyn found no peace of forgetfulness through his effort at Bible reading. He was turning for escape to other books when Kempthorne came in. That steady, comfortable friend, the link between Cambridge and the world of home, now advised Martyn "to make this time an occasion for serious reflection."

Once more Kempthorne had spoken, and Martyn obediently turned to his Bible. "I began with the Acts as being the most amusing, but I found myself insensibly led to enquire more attentively into the doctrines of the apostles." His interest once awakened, he remarked with approval how the notions he had gathered as a little child from the Cornish Christians of the evangelical revival "corresponded nearly enough" with what he now read in the Epistles.

It was not Martyn's habit at that time to pray, but prayer seemed a suitable exercise for one urged by Kempthorne to "serious reflection." He knelt and "began to pray from a precomposed form, in which I thanked God in general for having sent Christ into the world." It was his first stumbling footstep in the way of prayer, wherein his spirit was to know such hard-won and such exquisite delight. . . .

But in spite of too logical "plans of salvation" the vision of a Living Person was slowly stealing into Martyn's heart. "I am brought to a sense of things gradually," he wrote. He still "read the Bible unenlightened" but having worked through the Acts and the Epistles he now turned to the Gospels. "Soon I began to attend more diligently to the words of our Saviour in the New Testament, and to devour them with delight." Then when the same Voice made "offers of mercy and forgiveness," Martyn's heart responded and found himself, he knew not how, praying "with eagerness and hope." His spirit had discovered not a doctrine but a Person. None was to know more than he

of the humiliation that marks the saint, but he learnt it, not under Doddridge's guidance by the contemplation of his guilty state, but under Other guidance when he came to see "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the Face of Jesus Christ."

This was a conversion. Four years later he could write, "The work is real. I can no more doubt it than I can my own existence. The whole current of my desires is altered. I am walking quite another way, though I am incessantly stumbling in that way."

Henceforth we know the same Martyn, but with a liberating change: a Martyn with emotions still intense, perhaps even intensified; all his life more quickly moved than most men whether to delight or tears; his heart raised to rapture by music or by quiet scenery; while, as the price of ecstasies too intense for his physical frame, he must know a fastidiousness and quivering irritation almost inconceivable to men of firmer build. But no longer was this Martyn to be the slave of his own storms. In finding a Master he was set free. No more pent up in himself, his whole spiritual being found a great escape through contact with the infinite life of his Lord. That vital contact now begun was maintained, as it seemed to himself, precariously enough and with difficulty at first, through what he felt to be a surprising "reluctance to prayer, unwillingness to come to God, the fountain of all good." But for all that, the contact was maintained and cultivated, growing daily more sure, until he became at home in the new realm that he now entered, "tasting the powers of the age to come," and growing into gradual harmony with that "undisturbed song of pure content" whose notes were for the first time stealing into his ears as he read the words of our Saviour in the New Testament in January 1800.

Decides upon Service in India. (P. 84, 89-90, 104-105.)

This new-found care of the once fastidious Martyn for the souls of dull and shabby personages was immensely strengthened when in the autumn of 1802 he read the life of David Brainerd and found his hero. He who would know Martyn must ask what manner of man was that Brainerd who called out his depths of admiration. . . .

For Henry Martyn and his hero, the Susquehannah was no river of vague ideal beauties. The contemplation of the wayfarer of Christ roused in Martyn, Sargent tells us, "a holy emulation," and pointed the way to the hardest struggle he

had yet known. Again and again the name of Brainerd finds its way into the Journal:

“I thought of David Brainerd, and ardently desired his devotedness to God and holy breathings of soul.”

“Read David Brainerd to-day and yesterday, and find as usual my spirit greatly benefitted by it. I long to be like him; let me forget the world and be swallowed up in a desire to glorify God.”

“The rest of the evening in conversing and writing letters. My heart was not in visible disorder during all this, but it is not the spiritual life that Brainerd led.”

“Read Brainerd. I feel my heart knit to this dear man, and really rejoice to think of meeting him in heaven.”

It was to Simeon the leader that Martyn owed the suggestion of the path by which he was to follow Brainerd. Charles Simeon had been one of those “Methodist” clergy to whom Grant and Brown wrote in 1787 of their proposed mission to Bengal. “We understand that such matters lie very near your heart,” they had said. Simeon’s ardent mind had caught fire, and from that moment, as he lived his industrious days in Cambridge colleges and lanes, his eyes had been set towards the East. India did lie very near his heart. To Martyn on his return from Cornwall in 1802 with the resolution to be ordained, he said some eager words about the good done “by one missionary in India,” the immortal cobbler, Dr. Carey, whose *Periodical Accounts* from Serampore were earnestly followed by Simeon.

Martyn listened to his leader; then he read Brainerd; the appeal of Simeon’s words and of Brainerd’s life lived together in his mind through the autumn of 1802; against them were all the inclinations of his nature. When the last leaves were falling from the elms in the Fellows’ garden “he was at length fixed in a resolution to imitate Brainerd’s example.” And he proposed to do it by offering himself as a missionary to the tiny new society formed in London by some of Simeon’s acquaintances under the title of “The Society for Missions to Africa and the East.” . . .

Charles Grant, from one of the Chairs in Leadenhall Street, was looking anxiously for like-minded chaplains to work with David Brown in Bengal. The Company’s salary would enable Martyn to support Sally; and the need for good men was great. “The clergy in Bengal,” Sir John Shore had written home in 1795, “are not respectable characters.” If they did not die “of drinking punch in the torrid zone,” they were apt to retire with large fortunes amassed in a surprisingly short time.

The Bishop of Llandaff having refused a chaplaincy when at Cambridge thanked God afterwards for denying him “an opportunity of becoming an Asiatic plunderer.”

Martyn was not sanguine. Professor Farish warned him of the danger of “worldly-mindedness” as a Company’s servant. He read Tennant’s *India* and decided that the life would be odious to the last degree. Then he turned to the Bengali Grammar or to Brainerd’s *Life* and was all aflame to go, no matter how.

Perfecting His Hindoostanee on Ship Board. (P. 141-142.)

The month of October (October 3rd to November 12th) they spent in crossing the Atlantic, all unaware that during their voyage the French fleet had sailed out of Cadiz to meet the English under Cape Trafalgar. During this month Martyn made strides with Hindoostanee in which he was to do original and originative work. He had with him Gilchrist’s *Grammar and Dictionary* and was making himself master of all the roots, but his problem was to compare the language of grammars with the language of life, and to produce books, not indeed forgetful of classic elegance—ere a Martyn forgot that, his right hand must forget her cunning—but still less forgetful of the language of common speech. In his claim for the value of the spoken tongue and his delicate care for actual spoken sound Martyn was a pioneer among Oriental scholars. Men of the type of Sir William Jones built their work upon dictionaries and comparison of written roots; Martyn, as much in love as they with such research, had a message for life, and the living language must be his care. The officers of the *Union* saw their most astonishing chaplain sit down among the Lascars and test on them the sentences from his grammar. He found, as might be expected, that the Hindoostanee of the grammars was “vastly too fine for these men” and too full of Arabic and Persian words. Slowly he made himself better understood: the Journal for Trafalgar Day shows Martyn seated on the gun deck, the centre of a group of Lascars, and reading aloud “the prayer of Parboter which I had been translating into Hindoostanee. They seemed to understand me perfectly; Cade corrected my pronunciation in a few words, and one or two other words they did not understand, but I was surprised at being able to gain their attention at all.”

Welcomed at Calcutta. (P. 160-161, 163-164.)

To a Calcutta under Sir George Barlow's rule, and in the inevitable tide of reaction that followed the withdrawal of Wellesley's imperious hand, Martyn went ashore at daylight on May 16th, 1806, and asked for David Brown. He was fifteen miles away at his suburban home, Aldeen. His colleague Buchanan had sailed out of Hooghly as Martyn entered it, and so it came about that the first man to welcome Martyn to Bengal was William Carey. With him, so different in upbringing, so like in gifts and apostolic spirit, Martyn sat down to his breakfast without "the smell of the ship." Carey, bald-headed, unassuming, almost uncouth in manner, had no small talk, but he never failed to take fire, like Martyn himself, if the talk turned to missions.

"With him I breakfasted, and joined with him in worship, which was in Bengali, for the advantage of a few servants, who sat however perfectly unmoved. I could not help contrasting them with the slaves and Hottentots at Cape Town whose hearts seemed to burn within them. After breakfast Carey began to translate with a Pundit from a Sanskrit manuscript."

A chit (note) from Mr. Brown during the morning put his Calcutta house at Martyn's disposal—the chaplain's rooms adjoining St. John's Church. There, in the heart of the city where the moving shadow of the spire still marks the glaring hours, Martyn retired for solitude and prayer. There too on that first day he was hunted out by "Mr. Brown's moonshi, a Brahmin" who "came in and disputed with me two hours about the Gospel." The solitude of that beginning, broken only by the arguments of the learned visitor, are a strange foreshadowing of what was to come. . . .

Here on a platform built over the placid lapping river, Henry Martyn wrote his sermons for Calcutta congregations and almost grudged the time they cost. For the English of Calcutta had David Brown for their shepherd, and he was constrained to press on to the unshepherded. Here too he flung himself greedily on Bengali and Persian and Hindoostanee, with a Brahmin and a Moslem teacher with whom he would sit for hours as they introduced him for the first time to long winding Oriental arguments upon religion, interminable as the flow of the river under the pagoda. In Hindoostanee especially he had made gigantic strides, and could now point out to his teacher mistakes in a translation of Genesis. Sometimes he took boat down to the College of Fort William for lessons in Oriental

penmanship, learning Hindoostanee roots in the boat as he went, and returning perhaps in the evening with a crowd of the Aldeen children in the boat, singing across the sunset water.

Here in the pagoda, too, he made new friendships. Five minutes' walk along the river bank brought him to the apostolic settlement of Carey, Marshman and Ward, the immortal trio of Serampore missionaries. He found his way there on his first day with David Brown.

"In the cool of the evening we walked to the mission house, a few hundred yards off, and I at last saw the place about which I had so long read with pleasure; I was introduced to all the missionaries. We sat down about one hundred and fifty to tea, at several long tables in an immense room. After this there was evening service in another room adjoining, by Mr. Ward. With Mr. Marshman alone I had much conversation."

A Cold Reception at Dinapore. (P. 179-181.)

So gliding through the teeming land he came at last to Patna and its European suburbs of Dinapore (military) and Bankipore (civil), his new parish, the whole stretching for fourteen miles along the bank of the river which here is two miles wide.

By an early and all-but-forgotten statute of the East India Company it was the duty of their chaplains to teach the natives at their stations and Henry Martyn, eager as he was for the task, "was almost overwhelmed" at the sight of "the immense multitudes" in this the second city of Bengal—"the multitudes at the waterside prodigious."

He left the house-boat for barrack quarters and surveyed the work before him. "I have now made my calls and delivered my letters, and the results of my observations upon whom and what I have seen is that I stand alone," he wrote to the Aldeen friends. The East India Company's troops, of which two regiments were stationed at Dinapore, were a reckless fighting force of adventurers from many European nations, and ne'er-do-weels from English families. Others beside Martyn found them "disdainful and abandoned." There was no church, and he was expected to conduct service at the drumhead, either in a barrack room with no seats or in one of two squares of the cantonments, with no shade from the Indian sun. "After seeing the European regiment drawn up I felt as I used to feel on board ship."

The civilians at Bankipore had never had a service and were embarrassed when the new chaplain offered to come and give them one, more especially as the judge had married a

Moslem wife, abandoned his faith and built a mosque to please her, which Martyn found on his first call decked out with flags and lanterns for a Moslem feast. But little desirous as his countrymen seemed to be of his services for themselves, they approved still less of his intercourse with the people of the great Indian city.

“They seem to hate to see me associating at all with the natives, and one gave me a hint a few days ago about taking my exercise on foot. But if our Lord had always travelled about in His palanquin, the poor woman, who was healed by touching the hem of His garment, might have perished.”

“Our countrymen, when speaking of the natives, said as they usually do, that they cannot be converted, and if they could, they would be worse than they are. Though I have observed before now, that the English are not in the way of knowing much about the natives, yet the number of difficulties they mentioned proved another source of discouragement to me.”

Martyn annoyed the General “by what I said about the natives.” In those days of preposterous superiority the chaplain dared to believe that “these men are not all fools, and that all ingenuity and clearness of reasoning are not confined to England and Europe. I seem to feel that these descendants of Ham are as dear to God as the haughty sons of Japheth.”

When he entered Patna itself he speedily found that, “haughty son of Japheth” though he were, he was met with equal racial hauteur on the part of a population chafing under the new rule of western aliens, and cherishing memories of the days not so long ago, when Mir Kasim, to avenge commercial injustice, had a hundred and fifty Europeans done to death in their city.

Patna was in India the home of those most formidable Puritans of Islam, the fanatical sect of Wahabis; it was a city full of growling rumour. Martyn was greeted with scowls.

“The thought of interrupting a crowd of busy people like those at Patna, whose every day is a market day, with a message about eternity, without command of language sufficient to explain and defend myself, and so oft becoming the scorn of the rabble without doing them good, was offensive to my pride. The manifest disaffection of the people, and the contempt with which they eyed me confirmed my dread.

“England appears almost a heaven upon earth because there one is not viewed as an unjust intruder.”

Altogether, his new parish presented no rosy prospect. But Martyn did not ask for roses. He found work to his hand in the hospital and the incessant funerals of a station where one regiment on arriving lost fifteen men in fourteen days.

Translating the New Testament into Hindoostanee.
(*P. 198, 201-202, 202-203.*)

It was in June 1807 that the definite proposal came to him from David Brown that he should translate the New Testament into Hindoostanee (or Urdu) and supervise translations into Persian and Arabic, with the help of two men whom they would send to him as specialists in these languages, Mirza, Muhammad Fitrat of Benares and Nathaniel Sabat, an Arab educated at Bagdad.

David Brown enclosed a letter of Claudius Buchanan, which with Martyn's comment on it throws a curious sidelight on two characters:

“In a note of Dr. Buchanan's to Mr. Brown, which he sent me is this: ‘We shall give to Martyn, Mirza and Sabat, and announce to the world three versions of Scripture in Arabic, Persian and Hindoostanee, and a threefold cord is not easily broken.’ This plan of placing the two with me I accord to, as it seems to be the will of God; but annunciations I abhor, except the annunciation of Christ to the Gentiles.” . . .

That a man of Martyn's critical power should, after so few years in the country pass with calm assurance his judgment upon the translations of others, and himself venture upon work for which he had so high a standard is in any case remarkable. It is seen to be still more so when the difficulties of Hindoostanee study in Martyn's day are taken into account.

He found the language neglected of both eastern and western scholars, and on the whole despised by men of letters. A certain number of small phrase books, not without their modern counterparts, had been published to help the civilians to talk to their servants. But Gilchrist and Colebrooke, the chief English representatives among the very few students who had done more serious work on Hindoostanee, poured candid scorn upon these works: “Hadley's insignificant catch-penny publication, a mere Tom Thumb.”

Martyn found then a great living language, the tongue of sixty millions, a tongue of hybrid origin, and not yet standardized by any universal work of literature. He was making it more and more his own as Carey had made Bengali, and learning it always with reference to life, picking out with his Pundit the most used words in the vocabulary, or fetching in a story-teller from the bazaar to be his teacher. This language, as yet a tongue of intercourse rather than of books, he by a prophetic instinct seized on as a great vehicle for religious truth. Time has proved him right. . . .

All Martyn's skill went into his translation. He refused to be hurried. "You chide me for not trusting my Hindoostanee to the press. I congratulate myself. Last week we began the correction of it: present—a Seid of Delhi, a Poet of Lucknow, three or four literati of Patna, and Babir Ali in the chair. Sabat and myself assessors. After four days' labour, five hours each day, we reached to the end of the second chapter, so when you will have a gospel I do not know."

When even his scrupulous taste was satisfied that the work might be sent to the printer, its publication was delayed by a fire at Serampore. And before the book had come into circulation he had passed from India and the world. But he left it as a legacy of price. His patient consultations with Indian scholars had prepared for it a welcome. It was even set as a text-book in Mohammedan schools in Agra. Martyn himself was too scholarly to hope that his work was final. "I have too little faith in the instruments to believe that the first edition will be excellent," he told David Brown. Yet fifty years later it was written of Martyn's work: "All subsequent translations have, as a matter of course, proceeded upon it as a work of excellent skill and learning and rigid fidelity." So he played his part in introducing the "Great Intruder" whose presence has meant so much of upheaval and stir in the spirit and brain of India.

Stricken with Tuberculosis at Cawnpore. (P. 216, 224-225, 228-229.)

Martyn had been transferred by the military authorities from Dinapore to Cawnpore in April 1809, at the hottest moment in the year. He left Sabat and his pretty wife Ameena (a couple who spent their time together in noisy quarrels) to come up by water with all household goods, and he set out by palanquin, saying good-bye to Dinapore with some regret.

In his loneliness his thoughts would not be kept from Lydia. "I love so true that though it is now the fifth year since I parted from the object of my affections, she is as dear to me as ever," he wrote to Cousin Tom Hitchins in that month when the Sherwoods left. Next month (November 1809) Mr. Simeon's letter brought him news that his sister Sally was dying of consumption. He could not hope that a letter would reach her. He began one impulsively; then turned and wrote instead to her husband: "God make us both from this time live more as pilgrims and strangers upon the earth."

His home letters now let slip the fact that this man with his gigantic plans knew well enough, when he gave it a thought, that the disease which had killed all his near relatives was working in him also. The dusty lines in Cawnpore were trying to him, and he began to confess that every sermon he preached left him in pain. "There is something in the air at the close of the rains so unfavourable that public speaking at that time is a violent strain upon the whole body. I am sorry to say that my strength for public speaking is almost gone. My ministrations among the Europeans at this station have injured my lungs," he told David Brown. . . .

They were no dispassionate audience. Often as he preached bursts of anger would arise, with "shouts and curses and deep and lengthened groans, hissing and gestures till Mr. Martyn was compelled to silence. But when the storm passed away again might he be heard going on where he had left off, in the same calm, steadfast tone, as if he were incapable of irritation from the interruption. Mr. Martyn himself assisted in giving each person his pice (copper) after the address was concluded; and when he withdrew to his bungalow I have seen him drop almost fainting on a sofa, for he had, as he often said, a slow inflammation burning in his chest, and one which he knew must eventually terminate his existence."

All that spring they watched him tear himself to pieces; cheerful enough when he came round after a day of translation with the sense of something done, and picked up the baby Lucy for a game before she went to bed; but plainly enough a sick man every Sunday when the four services left him half-fainting with pain and exhaustion.

Accounts of Sally's death reached him in that spring of 1810, and with them an unexpected joy. Lydia told herself that he had now no sister of his own to correspond with and wrote offering to take a sister's place if he would accept a correspondence on that basis. He was overjoyed. "My long-lost Lydia has consented to write to me again," he told David Brown. To her he was explicit about his health.

"Study never makes me ill, scarcely ever fatigues me but my lungs! Death is seated there; it is speaking that kills me. Nature intended me for chamber-counsel, not for a pleader at the bar. But the call of Jesus Christ bids me cry aloud, and spare not.

"You know how apt we are to overstep the bounds of prudence, when there is no kind monitor at hand to warn us of the consequence."

When the hot winds blew again in April, he had to confess to David Brown and Corrie that taking a service always left him with pain in his chest and hardly able to speak above a whisper. The references to his health only occurred casually in letters crowded with details about the translations.

From Cawnpore to Shiraz. (P. 235-236, 252-253, 254, 258.)

On Monday morning, October 1, 1810, Martyn must leave Cawnpore. "We were all low, very, very low," says Mrs. Sherwood. Corrie, who had struggled to save his friend, was white with the strain of parting. He had found Martyn about to make a bonfire of all his memoranda, but persuaded him to let him keep them under seal against his return, and so saved for the Church that Journal by which she knows the mind of Henry Martyn. "His life is beyond all price to us," Corrie wrote. Only Martyn, in a strange serenity, hardly realized their anxiety. He thought that Corrie must have worked too hard, and wrote to him from his boat, "Your pale face as it appeared on Monday morning is still before my eyes, and will not let me be easy till you tell me you are strong and prudent."

So he left them. "I am advised," he told Lydia, "to recruit my strength by rest. So I am come forth with my face towards Calcutta, with an ulterior view to the sea." . . .

On the night of May 30, 1811, his caravan wound through the sleeping port between blind walls of mud or crumbling stone, set its face towards the distant hills. Martyn had grown a moustache during the voyage; he now "put off the European" and mounted his riding pony in baggy blue trousers and red boots, a conical cap of Astrakhan and a flowing coat. An Armenian servant followed him on a mule and another mule carried his books. For safety they joined a caravan of about thirty beasts carrying baggage to Sir Gore Ouseley, the British Ambassador, then at Shiraz. In that city of poets and lettered men, Martyn could best pursue his object.

They travelled by night, for the heat of the day in early June would be intolerable. As they filed out of Bushire on to the sandy plain that stretched for ninety miles between them and the hills that lift the Persian plateau, Martyn felt all the romance of the first starlight journey with a caravan.

Day caught them still on that sweltering plain. And Martyn, who had almost forgotten it, was forced to remember for once that he was a sick man.

"At sunrise we came to our ground at Ahmeda, six parasangs, pitched our tent under a tree; it was the only shelter we

could get. At first the heat was not greater than we had felt in India, but it soon became so intense as to be quite alarming. When the thermometer was above 112, fever heat, I began to lose my strength fast; at last it became quite intolerable. I wrapped myself up in a blanket and all the warm covering I could get to defend myself from the external air; by which means the moisture was kept a little longer upon the body.

“But the thermometer still rising, and the moisture of the body being quite exhausted, I grew restless and thought I should have lost my senses. The thermometer at last stood at 126. . . . At last the fierce sun retired, and I crept out more dead than alive. It was then a difficulty how I could proceed on my journey; for besides the immediate effects of the heat, I had no opportunity of making up for last night’s want of sleep, and had eaten nothing. However, while they were loading the mules, I got an hour’s sleep, and set out, the muleteers leading my horse, and Zechariah, my servant, an Armenian, doing all in his power to encourage me.” . . .

On Sunday, June 9th, they reached Shiraz, the many-gated, set white upon her plain. They halted in a garden outside the walls, and next day rode in through the blind narrow streets to the house of a leading citizen, Jaffir Ali Khan, to whom Martyn had letters bearing the magic signature of Malcolm.

Completion of the New Testament in Persian. (P. 273-274, 276-277, 285-286.)

On the 24th of February, the New Testament was finished. Martyn waited for nothing but the scribing of some gorgeous copies for the hands of Persian royalty, before setting out once more on pilgrimage. They could hardly let him go. They took him out to a garden and seated him on a bed of roses, and made him read them the Bible history for hours at a time. “Their love seemed to increase,” he said, as the time of his departure drew near. One of them who had seen Martyn’s translation of St. Matthew, recited to his friends the story of the Passion of the Lord. “The notes of the nightingales warbling around,” said Martyn, “were not so sweet to me as this discourse from the Persian.”

Just before he quitted Shiraz, a young man, bred as a doctor of Islam, came begging for an interview. He confessed that he had visited Martyn many times before with the other doctors to heap scorn on the teacher of a despised sect, but at every interview he had found his attitude changing. Martyn’s

unfailing forbearance to his violence put him to shame, and his calm reasoning laid bare sophistries. At last Muhammad Rahim found himself convinced that the "beardless boy" was right. Then for shame and fear he had kept away from his presence for months. But now he heard that the teacher was going, and he came at last to make confession of his belief. Martyn put into his hands that day a copy of the Book, a Persian New Testament that became his lifelong companion. Years afterwards Muhammad Rahim confessed his conversion to a Christian traveller, and showed the book that was his greatest treasure. On one of the blank leaves was written, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.—Henry Martyn." . . .

When the scribes brought in their fair copies, Martyn wrapped up the costly manuscripts uncorrected. He had none like-minded whom he could put in charge of the precious volumes, and he was determined to lay the books himself in the royal hands, correcting them as he travelled, for he knew that he was a sick man. He must race disease if he desired to see the Book on its way. A long dispute with a Sufi doctor would leave him still with a raw pit of pain where his breath came and went.

He had copies ready for the press. Four were sent by his direction to India that his friends at Serampore might print his translation. Other copies he carried with him on his wanderings, intending, if he lived, to pass them on to some press in the West, perhaps at his own University of Cambridge. He spent his last hours at Shiraz with his fellow-translator in giving instructions for the care and delivery of the Book in case of his own death. . . .

They did all that they could. The violence of the fever they could not allay for another fortnight, but they "administered bark" and tended him as if he were a son. As he lay there under their kind hands, the sick man knew that he had no more strength to travel, as he had longed, to Damascus, to Bagdad, and into the heart of Arabia to search for ancient versions and perfect the Arabic New Testament. His task seemed dropping from his hands. Sir Gore Ouseley told him that he was too ill to see the Shah or the Prince, and doubtless dreaded another collision between Martyn and the mullahs of the court. But he comforted his guest with the promise that he would give every possible *éclat* to the Book by presenting it himself. The good ambassador did more. He had extra copies made for high officials of open mind, who might speak well of the Book to the potentate. When at length the

New Testament reached the royal hands, the Shah was graciousness itself.

“In truth (said the royal letter of thanks to the ambassador) through the learned and unremitted exertions of Reverend Henry Martyn it has been translated in a style most befitting sacred books, that is in an easy and simple diction. The whole of the New Testament is completed in a most excellent and august mind.

“If it please the most merciful God we shall command the Select Servants who are admitted to our presence, to read to us the above-mentioned book from the beginning to the end.”

Sir Gore Ouseley did yet more. He carried a copy with him to St. Petersburg, and there, at the instigation of a Russian prince, the Bible Society printed the Persian Book, with the British ambassador as volunteer proof-reader. Sir Gore Ouseley's Russian edition came into the world in the year of Waterloo, while the sister edition in Calcutta was still struggling through the press.

At “Journey's End.” (P. 288-289, 296-297.)

On September 2, 1812, he set out with a little party of guides and servants, while the ambassador and his lady, having done all they could to help him, measured with doubtful eyes the strength of the haggard convalescent against 1,500 miles of hardship.

“At sunset we left the western gate of Tabriz behind us. The plain towards the west and south-west stretches away to an immense distance bounded by mountains so remote as to appear from their soft blue to blend with the skies.”

He “ambled on” with the keen sense of the convalescent for the beauty and freedom of the outside world, gazing at “the distant hills with gratitude and joy.” His way through Azerbaijan and Armenia always tending westward was the “Royal Road” of ancient Persia along which the service of the Great King passed from Susa to the west. It was marked at each twentieth or twenty-fifth mile by a post-station built of mud bricks, such as went to the building of Babylon the great. Here men and beasts fared much alike as to lodging.

In cities where Martyn had letters of introduction he might hire a room from a citizen. “I was led from street to street till at last I was lodged in a wash-house belonging to a great man, a corner of which was cleared out for me.”

A room secured, at the end of the day's hard riding there were the perennial discomforts of such travel: mosquitoes and

lice, "the smell of the stable so strong that I was quite unwell," and the incessant crowding and chatter of people who could not or would not understand his desire to rest alone. It was always Martyn too who must be the one to wake at midnight and rouse his party and stand urgent over them as they dawdled round the baggage, sleepy and loth to start. . . .

On October 14, 1812, Martyn bade his Armenian servant Sergius make a list of his papers and carry them for him to Constantinople. They had ridden him to death, but there is no story of that death-bed. We know that he came at the last "a young man, wanting still the years of Christ," to Tokat under its weird pile of castellated hill, a city of the copper-merchants, but then grim with plague. We know too that in fever his mind was always moving among friends in India or in England.

So he came to Tokat, and the mule-bells in the narrow streets jingled in dying ears. Or were they sheep-bells? sheep-bells on the moors?

They probably laid him down to die amid the babel of an eastern khan. That everlasting smell of the stable! Why could not the General find a better place for service than the riding school? But then the Lord was born in a stable. A man could worship there. But that raging voice! If only the tormenting flood of words might cease! Was it Sabat or the Tartar? Sons of thunder he called them, yes, and loved them too.

Why that never-ending clatter on the cobbles? Little hurrying feet of donkeys. And people too. Surely so many people were never seen in Truro Street before, and all so beautiful. There was Corrie, what a friend he was! and Sally with Cousin Emma, and Sargent and Dr. Cardew (but no matter; the lesson was ready to show up) and Lydia. Of course she would come at last. How her face was shining like a star. How all the faces shone with the light of God. Was that an Armenian priest standing at prayer? Simeon had surely come at last with the Bread and Wine. How sweet his voice grew, like the music in King's Chapel! "We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory."

"For Thou only are holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ. . . ."

Some weeks later an Armenian named Sergius, hot from travel, carried a bundle of papers into the house of Mr. Isaac Morier at Constantinople, and said that they came from his master who had died on October 16, 1812, at Tokat, where the Armenian clergy gave him Christian burial.

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